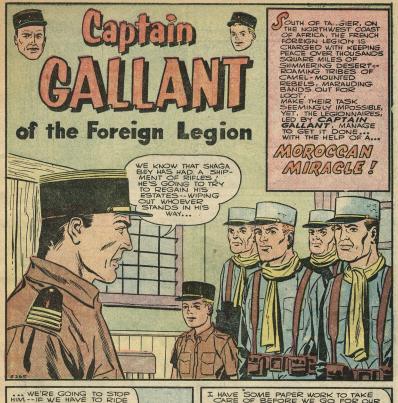






CAPTAIN GALLANT
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THE NEAREST OASIS WAS SIX MILES OUT-SIDE OF CAMP! CAPTAIN GALLANTS FLEET ARABIAN STALLION CARRIET SI THERE QUICKLY -- HE WAS WORRIED...

















AT THE FIRES OUTSIDE, THE BORDER GUERILLAS TALKED, OF THEIR PLANS FOR A VAST UPRISING, THE SMUGGLED ARMS THE KEY TO SUCCESS...





DESPITE HIS BRAVADO, CUFFY, THE LEGION MASCOT, WAS A LITTLE FREIGHTENED! HE JUMPED WIEN HE HEARD...







THE LEGIONNAIRE'S FIRST IM-PULSE WAS TO SLIT THE TENT, THEN GET CUFFY FREE - THEN HE REALIZED WHAT WAS AT STAKE! MOROCCO, POSSIBLY ALL OF NORTH AFRICA ...

T'LL BE CLOSE BY WHEN YOU NEED ME! KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN AND, CUFFY, THE TROOP IS COMING!

SHAGA BEY AND HIS MEN RESTED AT THE WATERHOLE ALL THAT DAY THE BACK TRAIL FOR HIS MEN ...







WHILE THE ARABS HALF DOZED IN THEIR
SADDLES, CUFFY HAD SPOTTED CAPTAIN
GALLANT RIDING IN THE REAR! HE SUDDENLY
WRENCHED THE REINS FREE FROM THE
ARAB AND...







MOUNTED ON INFERIOR STEEDS, THE PURSUERS DROPPED BACK ... AND THE TWO LEGIONAIRES WERE SAFE UNTIL THEY TOPPED A DUNE AND... STOP! YOU













THROUGH THE RED MIST OF RAGE, CAPTAIN GALLANT FELT HIMSELF BEING DRAGGED AWAY FROM THE BANDIT CHIEFTAIN! THEN...



WORD CAME IN FROM OUTLYING TRIBES - I THEY WOULD RIDE IF THE SHAGA BEY SUPPLIED GOLD AND ARMS - AND HE HAD BOTH . . .

ARM STILL THE DESERT GUNS STILL IS HUGE THERE'S AND ONLY AND ONLY





THEN CAPTAIN GALLANT CAUGHT THE MUFFLED CADENCE OF HOOVES IN SAND! THE FOREIGN



THE TERRIFIED WOLVES OF THE DESERT COULDN'T FACE THE TERRIBLE CHARGE OF THE HARD BITTEN ARD ALGORAN SAFETY...
BUT NOT FAST

ENOUGH ...









SHAGA BEY HAD THOUSANDS OF SQUARE MILES OF UNMAPPED DESERT AHEAD AND A FAST HORSE UNDER HIM -- THEN THE MIRACLE HAPPENED...









































































THE END

FOUR WINDOWS TO FREEDOM

It was the typical spring day about which poets like to write. And would-be artists find ideal as inspiration for their paint sets. To Professor John Symmonds it meant a chance to be alone and walk. He had told his secretary he would be away for only an hour. But being typically absent-minded, he had kept on walking. His car was parked at the end of the road. Suddenly, he became aware of the presence of five uniformed soldiers. Each was armed.

"You are entering the forbidden zone," said the junior officer in his book English." "In the name of our Party I arrest you."

"What kind of nonsense is this?" demanded the professor. "I was just taking a walk. I am on our side of the frontier. You just go ahead with your business and I shall return home."

"You come with us to the colonel," shouted the junior officer. "If you run away we will shoot!

The soldiers toaded into a truck the unhappy specialist who was well versed in weather. They drove for an hour then stopped before a large stone building. Five minutes later the professor faced the colonel.

"We are glad you came over to our side." began the Senior Officer in charge of Zone K, "and 1 wish to compliment you. Your knowledge of weather conditions will be a great asset to us, Professor Symmonds. We shall do everything in our power to provide you with the finest scientific instruments you need for your work."

The professor was absent-minded, but he wasn't crazy. He had enough sense to know the enemy had planned this for a long time. They might have even moved the frontier markers away, so as to fool him. He would make one outward attempt to demand his release. If this failed, he would figure out some way to get back to the land of freedom.

at present working for the United States Navy.
Unless you release me at once there will be

diplomatic consequences of the highest nature."

"You have a remarkable flow of language," snapped back the colone". "Later you will be able to communicate with your family and notify them you are alive. Relax and don't overtax your heart. We know all about your physical condition. You musn't get excited. It could be fatal."

The weather specialist shrugged his shoulders. No use getting high blood pressure and dropping dead on the uncomfortable carpet. He would stall for more time.

"I assume that, since you know so much about me, colonel, you will be the officer in charge of my well-being and of my scientific activity. At the moment I am hungry. I want a two pound sirloin steak smothered in onions. French-fried potatoes not too well done. Then apple pie and coffee."

"Such a meal is fit for men of your rank and mine," replied the Senior Officer. "I shall join you."

Mrs. Jean Symmonds had been notified of the disappearance of her husband. The twins, James and Herbert, were a bit too young to be told the sad news. However, Commander Franklin D. Meadows, of Naval tntelligence, had a bit of cheerful news for Mrs. Symmonds.

"In his spare time, your husband was working with some of our code experts. He had several sound theories about devolping new type codes. Eventually, if he is alive, he will communicate with you. Save that message and notify us at once. Our experts will break it down and find any hidden message your husband can get pass the enemy censors."

for two months the professor had been assembling scientific equipment at Secret Station 2PQ. But as yet he had done nothing about weather conditions.

"I will be able to assemble the weather data you need shortly," he informed his constant guard and companion, the colonel. "But not until all this equipment has been tested. I want to write a letter to my wife."

"Not yet," replied the colonel, "Perhaps in a month or so."

"Now," contradicted the professor with evident determination in his voice. "Your country regards me as the top expert in my field. If I get excited and drop dead, what will happen to you? Bet they either execute you or send you to a labor camp. I want to send a simple letter to my wife. We are going to build a summer home in Center Moriches, Long Island."

The colonel realized the professor held the whip hand. So he gave him paper and a pen.

"Go ahead and write your message. But don't try to tell your wife where you are," he warned.

Professor Symmonds wrote the message briefly. Yet he had spent all his spare time figuring it out. The colonel took the sheet of paper and read:

"Jean Degrest:

I am treated we'll and like the people. Will probably be here the rest of my life. There is sufficient money for you and the twins in the trust account. You can start building the summer home at Center Moriches. It will be pleasant to face the South Bay. The way Long Island runs, it would be ideal to have a house with all the windows and all rooms facing South. Then neither you, the twins, nor your parents, will argue about having the choice room. Don't spend more than eighteen thousand dollars for the house. Notify me two weeks from today on Radio Station PQ5A that you have my message. I have a short-wave set and will listen.

Love to all, Your affectionate husband, John."

Three censors and two code experts gave their opinion to the colonel. They had studied the message carefully.

"Your agents in America have checked that he has this piece of property and was going to build a house. No code concealed. Send it."

When Mrs. Symmonds received the message, she contacted Commander Franklyn D. Meadows at once. He read the letter through twice and smiled.

"I know where your husband is being held. We will send four of our planes disguised to look like the enemies. We will pick a group of men who speak the enemy's language. Don't worry, we'll have your husband back soon."

One look at Mrs. Symmonds face and you could see the word "Surprise" written all over it.

"May I look at that message again," she half pleaded. "All I can get out of it is the fact that he wants me to go ahead and build our dream house. I see no reason why I should not call up Harrington & Blake, the builders, and tell them to start at once.

Commander Meadows laughed, for he knew the letter was not an order to Mrs. Symmonds to build the house.

"Your husband once remarked that the greatest adventure of all was the challenge of the human mind. He matched is ability with the enemies censors who read this message and then passed it. However, I am going to check with Mr. Perlman, head of our Code Division to see if he agrees with my conclusion. You will forgive me if I do not tell you where your husband is just yet."

Walter Perlman read the message but twice and then handed it back to the commander.

"I agree with your conclusion," he remarked.
"Go ahead with your operation to rescue the professor, I would like to keep this letter and frame it. I shall call your rescue operations Four Windows To Freedom."

It was a cold clear day. Two large American transport planes landed with a tough group of commando soldiers under direction of Commander Meadows. There was a slight show of resistance but the enemy surrendered at once. Professor Symmonds merely remarked to his rescuers:

"I see that my message was properly interpreted. Believe me, I'll be glad to put my two feet on American soil again."

The colonel pleaded to be taken back to America and for good reason.

"They will kill me for my stupidity. Take me with you and I will give you a lot of useful information."

So they took the colonel with them. Later in America he asked the commander the sixtyfour dollar question.

"How did you figure out that we were holding the professor at the North Pole?"

"The key was in the words: '. . to have a house with all windows and rooms facing South.'" explained the commander. "There is only one place in the world where such a house actually can be built. It is at the North Pole! There every window and every room must face South."

The End

Captain GALLANTin JOSEPHINE'S RIVAL

IN THE HISTORY OF THE FOREIGN LEGION THERE WAS NEVER A ROMANCE TO EQUAL THE ONE BETWEEN FUZZY AND JOSEPHINE -- THE FIRST A LEGIONALIER, THE SECOND HIS EVER LOVIN' CAMEL! BUT HERE WAS TROUBLE IN PARADISE WHEN A SLOE-EYED BELLE CAME BETWEEN FUZZY AND HIS DESERT SWEETHEART!

YOU GOT THE SWEETEST EYES, HONEYBEE! AND YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON THE DESERT... WHAT'S THE MATTER? DID I SAY SOME THIN' WRONG?

STOP! THAT MONSTER IS BACK AGAIN!

FUZZY'S AFFAIRS OF THE HEART BECAME EN-TANGLEDA WEEK PRIOR TO THE TOUCHING SCENE ABOVE ... WHEN FUZZY CAME UNDER THE STERN EYE OF CAPTAIN GALLANT!

FUZZY!YOU MISSED MUSTER AT ONE OCLOCK! REPORT TO THE OFFICE!

YES, SIR,





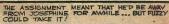


GET THAT EXPRESSION OFE YOUR SILLY FACE! NOT YOU, FUZZY - THAT CAMEL OF YOURS! WHICH BRINGS ME TO THE SUBTECTOURE A GREAT LADY'S MAN - AT LEAST JOSEPHINE THINKS SO!



SOMEONE IS REPORTING EVERY MOVE WE MAKE! I HAVE AN IDEA IT'S ONE OF THE WOMEN WHO DO THE LAUNDRY! HER NAME IS CARLA. LOOK HER UP AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN!





HONEST, JOSEPHINE, I CAN'T HELP IT! YOU HEARD THE CAPTAIN GIVE ME THE ORDER YOURSELF! IT WON'T TAKE LONG!









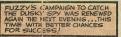












CAPTAIN GALLANT WAS RIGHT-I'M JUST THE MAN FOR THIS JOB! WHEN IT COMES TO THE FAIR SEX, I'M A WHIZ-WOMEN OR CAMELS!















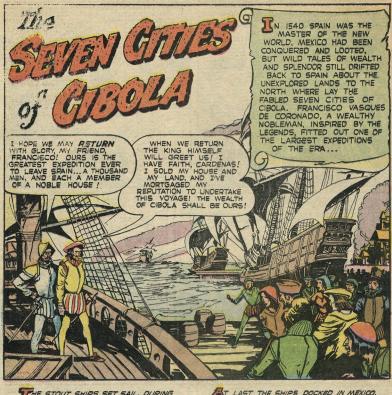


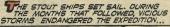




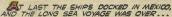




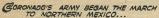












THIS IS POOR LAND, FATHER! THE INDIANS BARELY SCRATCH A LIVING FROM THE LAND. BUT WHEN WE REACH CIBOLA, THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT!

WE HOPE YOUR DREAMS WILL BE FULFILLED, MY SON! HO, HERE COMES CARDENAS!





IS THIS THE FINEST
BLOOD OF SPAIN? HOW
DO YOU EXPECT TO
REACH CIBOLA? FORM
YOUR RANKS!

MY LORD, WE
ARE SICK WITH
FEVER! FIVE
MEN ARE ALREADY
DEAD! WE CANNOT GO ON!

WE CANNOT TO LEAVE THEM TO DIE. BUT HOW CAN WE REMAIN IN THIS WILDERNESS?

WILDERNESS?

WILDERNESS TO GUR ARMY THERE!

T WILL CHOOSE FIFTY OF OUR BEST HORSEAMEN AND RIDE TO CIBOLA! WHEN THE MEN HAVE RESTED YOU WILL JOIN ME!

SO ON TO THE NEW COUNTRY ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE AND TO FABLED CIBOLA...

GENERAL, THE
GUIDE REPORTS
THAT THIS DINGY
TOWN BEFORE
US IS CIBOLAI

TOWN SEPORE
US IS CIBOLAI

THE NATIVES WHAT THE
TOWN IS CALLED!

THE INDIANS WHO ARE ZUNI, SAY THAT THIS IS CIBOLA! THERE ARE SIX MORE OF THESE OWELLINGS WHICH ARE CONNECTED BY TUNNELS THROUGH THE HILLSIDE!

THE SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA! FOR THIS FILTHY HAMLET I LED A THOUSAND MEN FROM SPANT MY ENTIRE FORTUNE!







I DO NOT WANT IT! CIBOLA WILL ONLY BE A STOPPING PLACE!

WE SHALL GO ON USTIL WE HAVE DISCOVERED THE FORTUNE WE CAME TO SEEK!



SO, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY, WHITE MEN LOOKED UPON ONE OF THE GREAT WONDERS OF THE WORLD, THE GRAND CANYON...



WHEN GENERAL CARDENAS JOINED HIM WITH THE ENTIRE ARMY, CORONADO PUSHED NORTHWARD THROUGH ARIZONA...





WEARILY CORONADO'S ARMY PLODDED ON TO TIGUEZ, WHERE THE FIRST BUFFALO WERE SEEN ..

THESE ARE STRANGE COWS! THEY HAVE BEARDS AND THEIR SKINS ARE AS STRONG AS ARMOR!

THE NATIVES MAKE CLOTHING FROM THEIR HIDES! OUR TROOPS MUST UNIFORMS. LET US COMMAND



THE SIEGE LASTED FIFTY DAYS! FINALLY, WHEN THE INDIANS ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE.

> GET THEM THEY HAVE

CAPTURED SOME OFOUR BEST MEN!

BUT THE INDIANS WERE HOSTILE AND CORONADO WAS FORCED TO BESIEGE THE TOWN ...



BUT STILL NO GOLD! AND MYTHICAL TREASURE LAND THIS TIME TO QUIVIRA. STILL NO GOLD! AND YET ANOTHER TAL TREASURE LAND LURED CORONADO;

YOU DOG! YOU HAVE LED US ASTRAY! THIS JOURNEY HAS ALREADY TAKEN HALF A YEAR! WHERE IS QUIVIRA?

AAAIII! STOP!
I WILL TELL
THE TRUTH!
YES, I HAVE MISLEAD YOU FOR
MY PEOPLE'S
SAKE! QUIVIRA
LICS NORTH OF
HERE!



WHEN QUIVIRA, NEAR THE SITE OF PRESENT-DAY WICHITA, WAS REACHED...

IT IS A FAIR COUNTRY... BUT WHERE IS THE GOLD WE SEEK?

LET US RETURN, MY LORD! EVERY TRAIL WE'VE FOLLOWED HAS BEEN FALSE! LET US NOT DIE IN A STRANGE LAND!





HOW TO FIGHT A FLITTING SHADOW, HOW TO TRAPAN INVINCIBLE ENEMY, THAT WAS THE MISSION OF SERGEANT JEAN LECLERC - UNTIL A FORCE MORE POWERFUL THAN ANGER AND HATE GAVE HIM THE ANSWER FOR ---

METE FOR IN ETE

























RIDING FURIOUSLY, THE GRIM LEGIONNAIRE SOON REACHED THE FORT















LOSING NO TIME THE GRIM LEGIONNAIRE SOON MADE HIS WAY TOWARDS HIS COLUMN, BUT NO SOONER HAD HE REACHED HALF-WAY ...







KNOWING THAT KOFRAD'S MEN LEFT BEHIND WOULD NOT EXPECT STRANGE VISITORS THE PLUCKY LEGIONNAIRE SOON MADE HIS ENTRY INTO KOFRAD'S TENT...







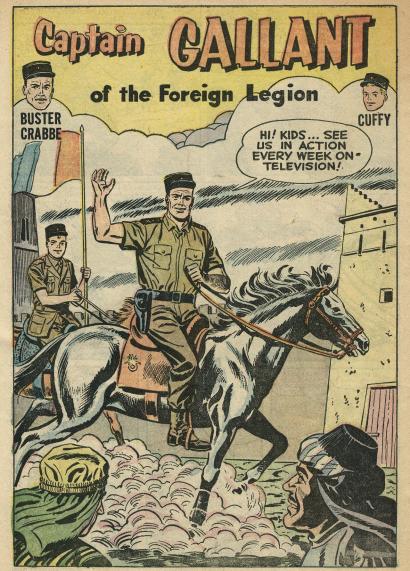












CAMELS AND CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THEM



